

# Life



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— BORY KILVERT —

*Bringing Home the Bacon*

FEBRUARY 9, 1922

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"Mercy, Jack, don't go so fast on this wet asphalt!"

"Don't be alarmed, dear; these Kelly-Springfield Kant-Slip Cords don't skid."

THE factor of safety in the Kant-Slip Cord can scarcely be overstated, and unlike most tires that really won't skid, Kellys will deliver long mileage, too. Here is a rare combination of Safety and Service at the same price you will have to pay for other tires that have always sold for less than Kellys.

# Life



## Proposed Constitution for the Irish Free State

WHEREAS, the citizens of this republic are unalterably opposed to everything and everybody, including one another; and

Whereas, they recognize that every citizen is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of scrappiness; and

Whereas, whose business is it anyhow; now therefore be it

Resolved that

(1) There shall be no biting, gouging or hitting in the clinches.

(2) Every man shall take a man his own size.

(3) Policemen will interfere in free-for-all fights at their own risk.

(4) The use of blackjacks, shillelahs and brass knuckles shall be prohibited except at elections and

county fairs. Said fairs or elections shal' be held not less than once a week.

(5) A penalty of five yards shall be imposed against the offending side in all cases of deliberate hacking, tripping, slugging or unnecessary roughness.

(6) There shall be no formal rounds—they waste too much time.

(7) Whenever a citizen shall shout "Nabocklish" all other citizens shall beat up the nearest policeman, Englishman or other obstructions to traffic.

(8) Where his opponent is an Englishman or Orangeman, no penalty or prohibition in this Act shall be held to apply to or control a citizen of the Irish Free State.

Faugh a ballagh!

Baron Ireland.



*Dealer:* You'll never have no trouble with that 'orse if you just show him in the beginning  
that you ain't afraid of 'im.

*Customer:* And—er—how would you suggest my conveying that impression?



### Sanctum Talk

**L**OOK here, LIFE, I want to have a talk with you."

"Hello, Mayor Hylan, how did you manage to get away from your strenuous job long enough to—"

"Quit your kidding. This is serious. I've been persecuted and maligned and—"

"But Hearst is on your side; why bother with unimportant people?"

"Wait a minute, LIFE. I may be a trifle stupid, but at least—"

"Well, Mr. Hylan, as Mayor of our largest city there is a well-defined impression that—"

"I know. That's the work of enemies. You can't expect me—"

"But, Mr. Hylan, how about those—"

"Wait a moment. I can explain—"

"That's all right, but then again, there is—"

"I know. But, LIFE, you wouldn't—"

"Of course I wouldn't, unless—"

"Ah, but—"

"You admit it, then?"

"I admit nothing. I am just—"

"Exactly!"

"LIFE! You're worse than any of them. I—"

"Now, now. Mr. Hylan, you know—"

"G-good-by, LIFE."

"G'd-by, Y'r Honor. And maybe, after all, it is you who have done all the kidding."

### Overflowing Quotas

**A**LOT of Hungarian immigrants are being deported because the "Hungarian quota" in this country is full. Not a bad idea, this quota business. Among other immigration quotas which must surely be full by now, we would specify the following:

British novelists (quota exceeded long ago).

French propagandists, bent on making trouble with England.

English propagandists, bent on making trouble with France.

Italian hurdy-gurdy players who play "Go Feather Your Nest" with three notes flat in the middle of the chorus.

Italian barbers who rub in your ears with a dry towel which squeaks.

Greek boot-blacks who insult you in Greek to their co-workers.

Professional Irishmen.

Professional Americans.

Spanish and Japanese dancers.

All foreigners who don't know their way about town.

### Our Emma

**R**UMOR hath it that Emma Goldman wishes, and intends, to return to our palpitating midst. Russia is, apparently, not what she fought for.

As our Murgatroydian mind dwelt on this momentous point, we began to wonder just what our Emma had always been fighting against. One of our socialistic friends told us it was Society.

And so we evolved a magnificent scheme. When Emma comes home, why not introduce her to Society? Let her meet the people she is fighting, and then maybe she'll cease to fight them. Let her be a dulcet débutante, going to teas and giving them. Then, instead of tossing a bomb in Madam Vander-sneezer's window, if she doesn't like her, she'll merely cut her at the Ritz. And we are sure that she'll find lots of congenial people in Society. Certainly even so splendid an iconoclast as Emma should be enthralled to meet some of our smartest divorcees, and she might also be privileged to meet a few women who had murdered their husbands. Oh, we know she will be very happy. And her rather hostile-looking hair ought to cause quite a splash in the social whirlpool. A splash? Ye Gods, a permanent wave!

So let us welcome our Emma and give her a friendly shove into the ranks of Society. We are sure she'll find that splitting hairs is infinitely more amusing than splitting rocks.

J. D.



**Gribbins:** Are you sure I won't frighten the baby?

**Nurse:** Dear me, no, sir. I had him to the Zoo yesterday and he laffed like anythink.



# Life's Calendar for February



*Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman*

xxviii days hath February

1-W.—Screw propeller for steamships invented by John Ericsson, 1838. Mrs. Hamilton Fish decrees that soup plates should be tipped from the diner, not toward him, 1901.

2-Th.—Zoos closed in honor of GROUND-HOG DAY, 1922. United States purchases Florida for \$5,000,000, 1819; New Yorker gets room at Palm Beach hotel for half that amount, 1922; Joseph T. Davis, taxi driver, Chicago, Ill., finds he has change for \$5, 1907.



3-F.—(C) Horace Greeley born, 1811; Douglas Fairbanks goes West, 1916. Man living in Hartman's Centre, Neb., remembers to buy safety razor blades the day he runs out of them, 1917.

4-Su.—Hinges invented by Cassius J. Hingus, 374 Appian Way, Apt. 1-C, North Rome, 242 B.C. Confederate States of America formed, 1861. Self-leaking fountain pen invented, 1896.

5-Su.—Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, lands in America, 1631. Roger Williams finds Rhode Island, 1620. Five hundred thousand United Cigar Store robbed, 1924.

6-M.—(O) Aaron Burr born, 1756. Lowney's Cocoa fails to win Grand Prix at exposition in Quito, Bolivia, 1921.

7-Tu.—Long distance telephone opened between New York and Chicago; first conversation begins: "I can hear you just as plainly as though you were in the next room," 1892. Can of sardines opened with key provided for the purpose, 1911.

8-W.—William Tecumseh Sherman born, 1820; Georgia banks remain open, 1922. Citizen of Valparaiso, Ind., keeps sponge damp in humidifier after first week, 1918.

9-Th.—William Henry Harrison, ninth President, born, 1773. Samuel Jones Tilden born, 1814. Weather Bureau established by Congress; coins phrase "Probably Colder," 1870. Non-Chinese cigarette girl discovered in New York cabaret, 1922.

10-F.—(S) France cedes Canada to England, 1763; Royal Mounted Police sell it to W. S. Hart, 1918. Student of economics locates trunk store not having special sale, 1912. Enterprising clothing firm begins making vest pockets large enough for vest pocket kodaks, 1946.

11-Su.—Daniel Boone born, 1735. Thomas Alva Edison born; completes first day's sleep in one and a half hours, 1847. Interpretative dance prologues for motion pictures invented, 1917.

12-Su.—A braham Lincoln born, 1809.

13-M.—First magazine in America published in Philadelphia; Gold Medal Flour takes back page, 1741. Whipped cream first put on bouillon by Elizabeth H. Vantyne, afterwards Mad Bess, 1901.



14-Tu.—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. Alexander Graham

Bell patents the telephone, 1876; playwrights' union gives thanks, 1876-1922, incl. Arizona admitted to Union; annual output of picture postcards showing Grand Canyon increases four million, 1912.

15-W.—(M) Battleship Maine sunk in Havana Harbor, 1898. Citizens of Xenia, Ohio, celebrate Better Ink week, 1926.

16-Th.—Fort Donelson surrenders to Grant, 1862. Chorus men first wear straw hats and carry on chairs, 1867.

17-F.—Ordinary egg laid by Winsted, Conn., hen, 1906. Charlie Chaplin "discovered" by highbrow magazines, 1917, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22.

18-Sa.—(M) Jefferson Davis becomes Confederate President, 1861. Safety razors reach two for a nickel, 1928.

19-Su.—Ohio admitted to Union, 1803. Edison patents the phonograph; Watson, the needle, 1878.

20-M.—Panama Exposition opens in San Francisco; Dolly Dainty Bead Company takes option on tower of jewels, 1915. American newspaper admits that rival sheet carries more agate lines of advertising, 1922. German scientist discovers that cheaper form of concrete can be obtained by mixing regular concrete with German marks, 1924.

21-Tu.—\*(M) Washington Monument dedicated; Spalding's notes increase in baseball business, 1885. United States Steel Corporation incorporated in New Jersey; Charles M. Schwab predicts era of prosperity, 1901.

22-W.—George Washington born, 1732; Good Housekeeping shows how to decorate luncheon table with little hatchets, 1918. James Russell Lowell born, 1819. New York Giants, in training quarters, discover new and phenomenal second baseman, 1908-1922, incl.



23-Th.—♂ First express company started, 1839; first collection at both ends, 1840. Battle of Buena Vista, 1847; Battle of Buena Vista funks 10,000 high school pupils, 1922.

24-F.—Man found in Worcester, Mass., who understands a barometer, 1908. Statistics show increase in cost of living, 1938.

25-Sa.—Maryland founds first representative government in America (and about the last), 1639. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney born, 1746. The revolver invented; "Didn't know it was loaded" used for first time in newspaper, 1836.

26-Su.—□ Fifteenth Amendment, giving negro full rights as citizen, adopted, 1869. Negroes still trying to get them, 1922. Stage telephone rings on stage, 1976.

27-M.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow born, 1807; 76 parodists of "Hiawatha" retire with independent fortunes, 1888. Citizen of Portsmouth, N. H., actually finds himself with as many trouser hangers as he has pairs of trousers, 1917.

28-Tu.—Maryland gives a charter to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, 1827. Total of 27,836,927 persons feel pretty sore at Maryland about it, 1922. Revolving door supplants electric chair at Sing Sing, 1929.

# Life



# Lines

IRELAND has staged "The Birth of a Nation," and under the direction of a Griffith, too.

A day Congress will not be asked to declare a national holiday—the Wooden Anniversary of the Shipping Board.

"I'm beginning to think," said the aspiring young author, "that the editors of the leading periodicals must all be conscientious rejecters."

Mob's Victim's Life Is Saved When Knot in Rope Fails to Hold.—*Headline*. No noose is good news.

Slogan of the Psychoanalysts—A complex may be down but it's never out.

Secretary New will make all postmasters attend a postal school. They will all be post-graduates, of course.

Prohibition toast: Here's to good eyesight.

The submarine, which came to scoff, can't even remain to prey.

Freed from Prison; Leaves for Panama.—*Headline*.

The Colon at the end of a sentence.

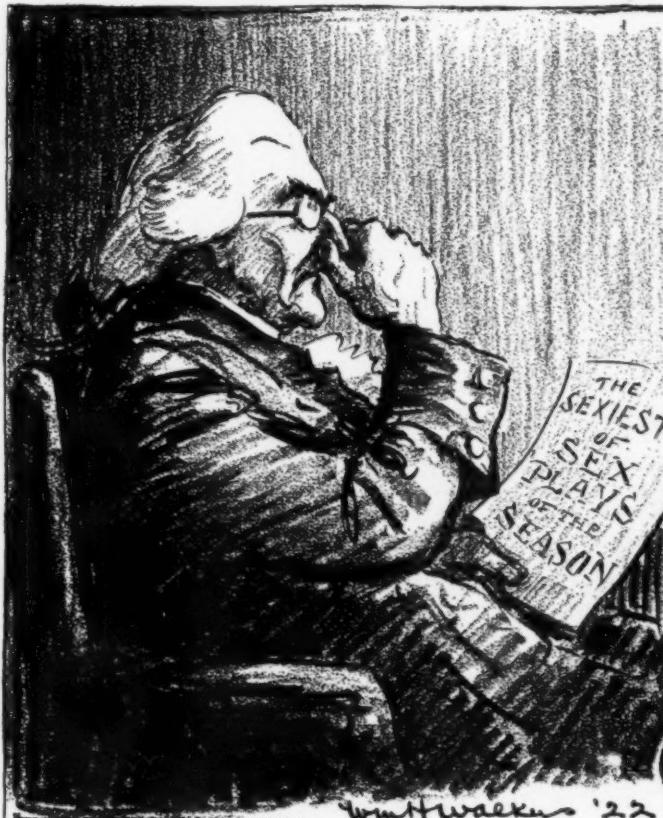
Russian Agricultural Note: Industrial plants don't grow in Revolutionary hotbeds.

Banknotes are said to have been used in China nearly 500 years ago. Thus throwing all other financial theories into Confucian.

That combination of agricultural Senators could be beaten by a city *bloc*.

That skull a half-inch thick that was found in Arizona will be sent to Washington. They usually are, you know.

When you see \*\*\* in a popular novel, it generally means something asterisque.



Father Knickerbocker at the Play

Science says the distance between the Earth and Mars varies between 35,000,000 and 200,000,000 miles. Boy, call a taxi.

Find 1000 Gallons of Wine Stored in Bank.—*Headline*. Liquid assets?

The Ingersoll Watch Company went into bankruptcy, no doubt, because there aren't enough second lieutenants now to stock up with its wrist watches.

Police to Check Footpads.—*Headline*. And then, of course, lose the check.

Until recently, Joshua's claim to have made the Sun stand still was undisputed. A newer school of thought gives the credit to Frank A. Munsey.

The bagpipe is the earliest instrument on record as it appears on sculptures dating back to 8000 B.C. And somehow, none of the other instruments have ever caught up with it.

The boys that used to counterfeit one-case notes are now forging 1000-case permits.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, returning to England from his American tour, announced that the only dry day he spent here was in Washington. Fifty-eight British lecturers immediately cabled their local representatives to cancel all bookings in the Capital.

The maker of the first bed spring is dead at more than ninety years of age. If he had lived twenty years longer he might have witnessed the abandonment of some of his earliest models by the boarding houses where they are in use.

"Coughing violently," says London *Answers*, "an American business man broke his breastbone."

Upon investigation, the man was found to be the head demonstrator of a cough-drop corporation.

There are about 15,000 telephone operators in New York but it is almost impossible to get one.



"My child, you should not sit there. You will catch cold."  
"But I have a cold."

### Fable

THERE was once a man whom everybody called Fool. Whatever he did they laughed at and said, "Wasn't that just like him—the Fool." But because they thought he was a Fool, they tolerated him. It gave them a feeling of Conscious Superiority and a prerogative to lecture him and tell him he should acquire sense. Yet while they told him that he should acquire sense, yea, and strive to be like them, they

smiled to themselves because they knew he would persist in being a Fool. By and by the man grew tired of being a Fool and acquired sense. But at the first indications thereof, the others grew suspicious. "Go to," they cried. "Here is a rogue and a dishonest fellow."

And as long as he pretended sense they would have no more of him.



"S'least I can do for you—las' sad rites"

### The Death of Elvira Bascombe

THIS is a serious piece. How I should have liked to start my little effort with something like this: "A somewhat dishevelled gentleman wearing evening dress and clasping a large frozen fish to his bosom, smilingly entered the street car."

The atmosphere of the little tale would be established at once and the reader pleasantly prepared for the amusing adventures of the gentleman and the frozen fish.

But, as I told you, mine is a serious story. It deals with a woman who lived a starved life on a bleak New England farm—a hard and cruel life. The curtain goes up and discloses the heroine standing by the window looking over the dreary November—(I wish I hadn't thought of the man and the fish—I'm sure it's a much more enchanting story)—November landscape.

The word that rang like a tolling bell in her mind was "iron"—iron hills, iron sky and an iron implacable hand that seemed to grip her and crush her life out.

Would her days go on forever in this fashion—on to the end?

Frustrated, she leaned heavily against the window casing and listened for Luther's steps.

(The man stood swaying happily on a strap as the car lurched and stopped and lurched again. The fish moved with a circular motion over his shirt front. Looking down into its face his expression changed and he said thickly

but with genuine emotion, "Poo' lil' fish—poo' lil' fish! P'raps you're a mother—an' now rigor mortis has set in." The passengers—) [Author: Here you, keep out of this.]

For thirty-five years Elvira Bascombe had lived in the stark, unpainted farm-house. Thirty-five bludgeoning years that had left her gnarled and broken.

"It jest don't seem right that—" (the passengers watched the pickled gentleman as he tried with uncertain thumb to force an imaginary lid down over the staring, frozen eye of the fish. "S'least I can do for you—las' sad rites." The car took the curve at Twenty-third Street, and the gentleman shot into the

lap of the very stout woman who—  
—“that things hev got to go on like this.”

Alvin, the half-witted hired man, came in.

"The red caow is dead," he announced.

She sank into a chair and buried her face in her soiled gingham apron.

"It ain't no use—it jest—"

(who attempted to rise but was unable to do so. [Author: I'm sorry, but I can't manage this thing.] The fish, seeing its chance to escape, left the grasp of the gentleman with the bun and descended with a thud into the lap of Mrs. T. Armatidge Shelbourne, who forthwith shrieked several deep contralto notes and fought the unwelcome visitor with hysterical pawings.

Repelled, the erstwhile denizen of the deep left her lap and slid to the floor. The gentleman, refreshed by his rest, was presently in full if somewhat unsteady cry. Overtaking his quarry about midway of the car he endeavored to halt its progress by stepping on it.

Accelerated, the fish continued on its way to the front of the car and our hero was flung heavily on his back.) [Author: It's really too bad. Elvira is a game little woman, but she is being crowded off the rail.]

"—jest ain't no use. I'm wore out. Ef I could only have—"

(The gentleman was now in a sitting position on the floor. Swinging an imaginary rod, he muttered, "He's goin' upstream—I gotta play him.")

The hired man stood up as Luther came in.

"She's dea—" [Author: She had to die anyhow in this story—she never had a chance, but I really hadn't planned to have a man with a fish smother her.]

Rollin Kirby.



### At Palm Beach

Muriel: Will you love me as much in June as February?  
Jack: More, darling; there are two more days in June!



Estelle Winwood

In "The Circle"

ELIZABETH, if I may tell  
 The truth, I'm far from well acquainted  
 With English lords and ladies swell,  
 Aristocratically tainted.  
 The simple sort of folk I know  
 Are most unlike your friends in Dorset;  
 Their talk is plain, their wits are slow,  
 Their standards rigid as a corset.

But you! by Jove, when you burst forth  
 With your great third-act declaration,  
 You seemed to blow off all the froth  
 From your amazing situation.  
 Your circle may be bad, it's true,  
 And nothing I can say will mend it,  
 But what care I as long as you  
 (See Euclid) both begin and end it?

George S. Chappell

## Custom Is King

A. P. Herbert

**T**HIS is a sad true story. And the moral of it is that it is a great and glorious thing to live in a free country where there is no tyrannical officialdom, and none of that Red Tape they have in England.

An English author wrote a little book of verse. And an English artist drew some little pictures for the little book. And when the Author let it out that he meant to visit America, an American publisher decided that he would publish the book at lightning speed during the Author's visit.

So the Drawings were sent across the Ocean in a very swift ship, and they reached the Post Office at New York in seven days.

Then they spent seven weeks somewhere in America. But many things happened during that time. Quite soon after they arrived the Publisher was told about it, and the Publisher told his

Broker to go down to the Post Office and enter into a bond that the Drawings were to be returned to England in six months, and were therefore not dutiable, and secure the package and take it away forthwith, as the matter was urgent and brooked no delay. After a week the Broker telephoned the Publisher and asked him to come down and identify the Drawings.

The Publisher went down with the Broker and selected the package from among a thousand packages and he addressed an Examiner and humbly prayed that the package might be entered on a six months' bond (as above), since the matter was urgent and brooked no delay.

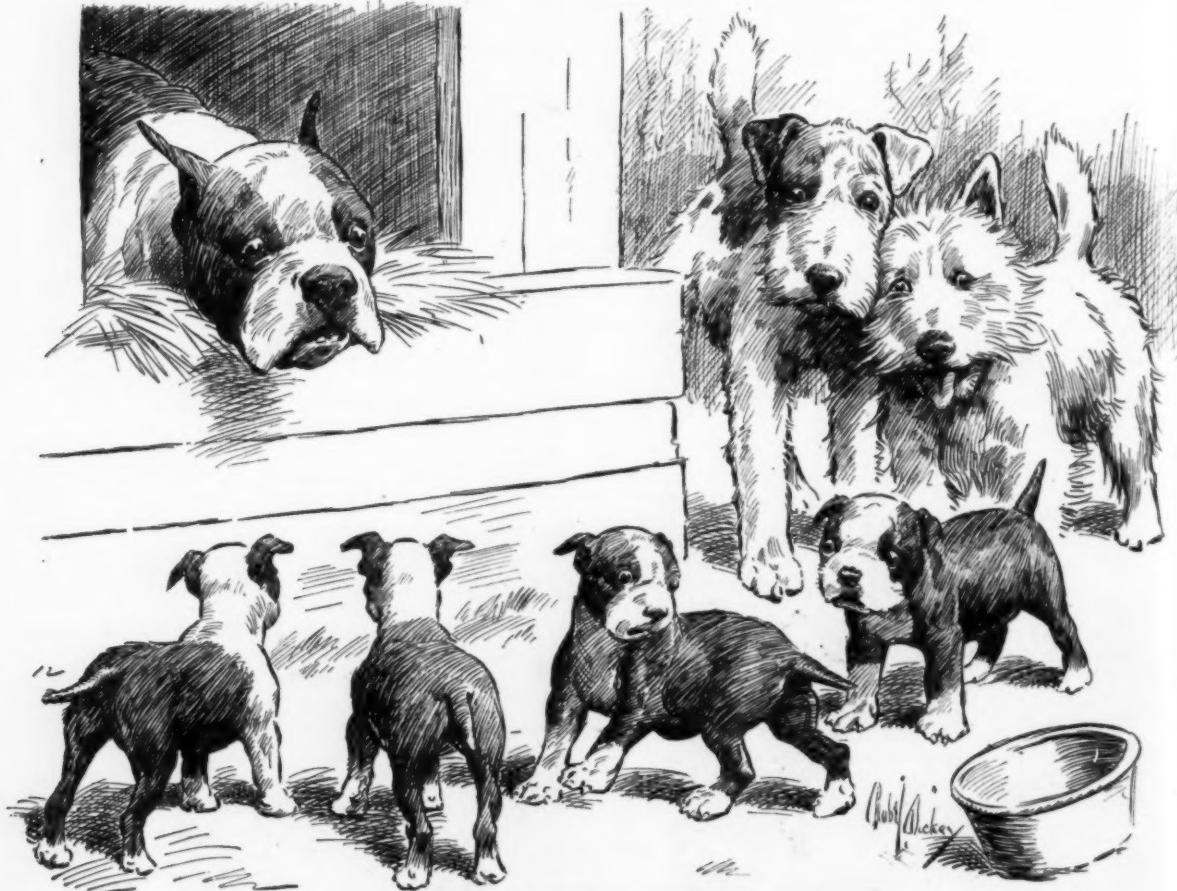
The Examiner scowled at the words "bond," "urgent" and "delay," and said that if the Publisher required the Drawings quickly he had better enter them in the usual way, and pay some duty on

them. (Carelessly) he scribbled on the package the words "VALUE \$250." The Publisher became hysterical and showed the Drawings to the Examiner.

There was a picture of a Snail, and a picture of a Lobster; and a Whale, and a Centipede, and an Earwig, and a Bee; and a Sturgeon, and a Clam, and a Glow-worm, and a Pig. (The Examiner looked suspiciously at the Snail.)

The Publisher explained that the Drawings had no commercial value, being unvaluable except as illustrations in a printed book. That they had no value of any kind, and, anyway, they had very little value, and in the alternative that they were going back to England in six months, so it didn't matter if they *had* a value.

The Examiner looked suspiciously at the Clam; and he said, "It musta took that guy some time to do them pickers;



"Did you hear of the latest horrible effects of prohibition?"

"No, what are they?"

"Mrs. Boston Terrier's new pups were all born without corkscrew tails."



"My dear, we have been married goin' on forty years, an' my husband ain't never deceived me yet!"

"Well, now! Ain't that nice."

"Yes, ain't it? I kin tell when he's lyin' every time."

say it took him fifty hours; now if a guy spent fifty hours on the things, he coulda put it in on something else; every guy to me is worth *something*. This guy could make a dollar or two on one of the papers if he wanted to, I betcha; so the value is \$250, and that's all."

"Every blame thing has a value," he added, picking his teeth.

"Except time," murmured the Publisher.

Then the Broker butted in, and he referred the Examiner to Rule No. 652 of the Customs Regulations, which stated that pen-and-ink Drawings were not dutiable.

The Examiner conceded the point, and agreed to send the Drawings to the Custom House, though not because they were free of duty, but because they had a value of \$250. He would have no compromise about *that*.

Two weeks passed. Then the Broker called the Publisher and asked him to come right down to the Custom House and identify the package.

The Publisher went. And he waited anxiously for a long time, because the matter was urgent and brooked no delay.

He waited for an audience with a big man in the department, whose name was not Mulvaney, but might have been.

Mulvaney was certainly a big man, with a big neck, and a big waist, and big ideas about Time; he had a big indifference to the little troubles of publishers, and the other miserable citizens who waited in a long line with handbags full of matters which were urgent and brooked no delay. Mulvaney sat back in a big Derby behind a screen of cigar smoke, and he discussed the sufferings of Ireland with another party.

The Publisher stood on one foot for a long time, then he stood on the other foot, thinking about the sufferings of America.

And at last Mulvaney looked suspiciously at the Publisher and said, "How do I know that these things are original drawings and not prints?"

(Continued on page 30)

### Unwelcome Spring

**I**F only Spring will stay away!  
I have no yearning now for May.  
For warm moist days I do not care;  
I'm banking now on frosty air.

Anemone and violet,  
Please do not try to blossom yet,—  
Or any other woodland flowers;  
You, April, just postpone those showers!

I'm praying now for snow and hail;  
For, at an after-Christmas sale,  
Believing all the ad-man wrote,  
I bought a fur-trimmed winter coat.

I hope that Spring will stay away;  
I've got to wear it, anyway!

*Allene Gates.*

### Our Flexible Language

**T**HE DOCTOR: Your system is entirely run down—you need a rest.

**T**HE PATIENT: Well, I guess I'll wind up my business and stop working.



Hostess: Good gracious! Alicia, it's only half-past two. Why are you leaving so early?  
Guest: We must, old thing. We're due at another party, and we don't want to be late.

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## Moral Tales for the Young

**M**AUDE, the brightest of the sex,  
Forged her daddy's name to  
checks,  
Took them to the local banks,  
Cashed them, with a smile of thanks.  
All the money came in handy—  
Maudie was so fond of candy!  
Weight she gained in way affrighting,  
So she's given up her writing.

Save the money, when you forge;  
Little ladies do not gorge.

Don, the little apple-cheek,  
Sold his aunt's blue-ribbon Peke,  
Sneaked it out of Auntie's house.  
Hidden in his sailor blouse.  
Donald planned to spend his earnings  
Gratifying all his yearnings.  
But the chance for pleasure slipped him,  
For the doggie's buyer gyped him.

If they can't complete the deal,  
Nicer children do not steal.

*Dorothy Parker.*

## Bad News for Synura

*R. C. Benchley*

**C**ONSTERNATION is spreading in synura circles at the announcement by the state health officials that the Kensico water-supply into New York City is to be cut off until the water has been rid of the cucumber taste of which those New Yorkers who drink water have been complaining lately.

It seems that the synura is a one-celled organism just too small to be visible to the naked eye, which gets into drinking-water and imparts an oil to it which tastes, according to expert testimony, like anything from a cucumber to a fish, with one vote for strychnine.

The plan of the heartless officials is to keep these little organisms from getting out of the reservoir so that they may never reach New York.

Is this fair to the synura?

Take, for instance, the case of one of these tiny unicellular fellows that came to light the other day. Ever since early childhood, when he was playing around with the other synura babies, he had stoutly maintained that, when he grew up, he was "doin' to Noo'ork to be a great big mans." He listened with avidity to tales of the great metropolis as told by aged organisms who had floated back to Kensico after a career of honorable water pollution in the city. He had even made a banner for himself, on which he had had his mother spin



## No Limit

*Mother: Bobbie, on your way to school don't fight and don't swear.*  
*Shorty (a friend): Pretty soon she'll ask you to study.*

the words "Welcome to New York."

He studied nights on a course which guaranteed to teach him in ten lessons the intricacies of the New York City water system, so that he could swim in and out of the famous highways and by-ways, stopping at just the right places for a good time and avoiding all the dull places where the less sophisticated ones congregate when they come to town. In short, he had trained himself to be that most competent of all organisms, a typical New Yorker.

And then came the official edict. The reservoir gates are to be closed. The open road to New York is to be barred. And in the rural fastnesses of Kensico there is at least one synura who swims

idly about, with his life's ambition thwarted, his rosy future shattered at one blow. He is not fitted for a life in Westchester County. His heart is in the city. And without the city he will die.

Write to your congressman to-day and demand the repeal of this inhuman edict!

## Too Early for Reply

**F**IRST WAR VETERAN: Have you heard anything on the claim you filed with the Veterans' Bureau for Compensation?

**S**SECOND WAR VETERAN: Not yet. You see, I only wrote them six months ago.

## LIFE'S Title Contest

**"That Second Story Got Him"**

LIFE takes pleasure in announcing herewith the winning title for the Contest Picture, which appeared first on the cover of LIFE for October 27th, 1921. The Contest was closed on Monday, December 5th. Over two hundred thousand replies were received, and the necessity for a careful reading has caused some delay in making the awards.

Checks for the amount of the prizes have been sent to the winners.

In arriving at their decision, the judges were influenced by originality, brevity and fitness to the situation shown in the picture.

Inasmuch as sixteen out of each one hundred correspondents in this Contest

assure us that "While There Is LIFE There's Hope," we are convinced it is so. Others say "Such Is LIFE," while less sanguine temperaments tell us "In the Midst of LIFE We Are in Death," that the phlegmatic gentleman is "Near the End of His LIFE," or "He Will Soon Be Through with This LIFE." Others mention "A Wreck Angle," and "The Angle That Made an Angel," and further ask, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" Some tell us "LIFE Is Long and Dreary," and "He Didn't Know It Was Loaded," and speak of "LIFE's Headstones."

As a result of careful study some said "Topsy Turvy Land," or "Fly Time," while others explained that "The

**Here Are The Winning Answers**

To the following answer, submitted by FRANK A. CURTIN, P. O. Box 571, Fresno, California, is awarded the first prize of \$500.00:

**"That Second Story Got Him"**

The second prize of \$300.00 is awarded to ROBERT EVERETT, Box 254, Redcliffe, Alberta, Canada; for the following:

**An Unsolicited Testimonial**  
General Hospital  
November 14, 1921.

The Editor,  
LIFE.

Dear Sir:

While perusing your paper I was very much struck by certain articles.

Yours truly,  
John Smith.

The third prize of \$200.00 is awarded to M. FARINI LENT, 1192 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the following:

**"Domestic Finish"**

Home Brew Blew," that there was "One Raisin Too Many," and "That Third Slice of Mince Pie Went Over the Top"; and still others evidently drew on their personal experience and gave simple, logical explanations, as "Drunk Again," or "The Morning After the Night Before."

It is called "A Family Reunion," "His Own Shall Come to Him," "A Surprise Party," "A Miscellaneous Shower," and "Dropping In on Pop," and one says "He Was Covered with a Blanket of Irish Confetti."

The musical ones mention "Music from Above," "Voices from on High," "A Mixed Quartette," "Wandering Minstrels," and "Black Tommie's Swan Song."

Others assure us "The Joke from LIFE Brought Down the House," and "There Is No Place Like Home," and that it is "Slightly Out of Focus." Some speak of it as "Making a Hit with Father," and as "Romeo and Juliet, Modern Version or Up to Date," and also say "Everything Is Coming Down," "Things Are Falling," and "If Everything Keeps on Coming Down, It (Continued on page 32)

### The Old Green River Village Far Away

T'WAS a cold and wintry evening in the little country town,  
The ice was on the sidewalks and the snow was coming down;  
The village doctor heard a knock, his front door opened wide—  
A ragged, barefoot child there stood and to him these words cried:

*Chorus*

Please don't sell dad a prescription,  
Mother needs clothes and shoes:  
They are not sold in the drug-store  
Where father gets his booze;  
Me and the kids are homeless,  
Sailors without a port,  
So please don't sell dad a prescription  
At sixteen dollars a quart.

A blush spread o'er the doctor's cheeks; the childish plea was heard,

He had not realized the woe his fountain pen had stirred;  
A firm resolve he made that night that he would ne'er again  
Write on his Rx pad the words that brought forth this refrain:

*Chorus*

Please don't sell dad a prescription, etc.



"Oh, gosh—he must have made a mistake—he left me one."



"It's an invitation to the Morristown Hunt."  
"How splendid, George; then you'll have a chance to use your new shot-gun."



FEBRUARY 9, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

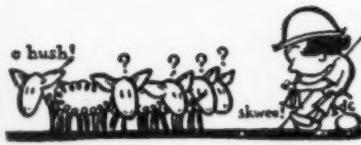
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In his speech of January 21st, Lloyd George expressed some feelings that are prevalent in the minds of good people. He said the need of Europe was peace and that above all other things he was for having it. He also said he was for putting off the ordinary party conflicts by which government goes on, until peace had been won and the world brought to a better case where it could stand more jolts than it can at present.

There will be wide agreement with him in these desires. We all want peace in this world, and co-operation. Even in this country we are cold about partisan rivalries. Perhaps that was one reason why the recent election in New York went as it did. People could not be violently concerned about local matters because general matters, national and international, were so much more important. Does anybody not an office-holder or an aspirant to office, care very much whether the Democrats or Republicans win the next election? Is there not, even here, a pretty broad sentiment that it does not greatly matter who runs the country as long as it gets somewhere? We want leadership. We want accomplishment. We want to see duty done, our duty to the world and to our own people. We would be glad to see the most accomplished men from all parties working together as they did in the war to plan out what is necessary to do and do it.

To a limited extent they do that very thing as it is. Mr. Harding's administration in itself is a sort of coalition government, a coalition of Republicans of diverse minds and purposes about concerns of the first importance such as the reconstruction of the world. The Democrats have a record of party sup-

port of the League of Nations, and the Republicans a record of having beaten it, but it is not really a matter on which there is a party division. Moreover, another coalition, the Agricultural Bloc, which looms up pretty large as a political factor nowadays, is something outside of party politics, and may become useful in accomplishing something good. If the farmers behind the Bloc should once realize that the main cause of bad prices for American agricultural produce is the lack of buying power in Europe, and that the cure for that is not any increase of tariffs, but international co-operation, they might get behind such efforts as the Genoa economic conference to good purpose.

Lloyd George's praise of conferences where men meet face to face and get in contact with realities was much like a duck's praise of water, but for all that it was very winning talk. Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey, in opposing him, seem to have come out for the old methods of diplomacy favored by the new Poincaré control in France. But the facts of Europe are stronger than the party politicians and work harder and more continuously, and whatever happens will happen in accord with them.



In analyzing, the other day, the birth statistics for the year in New York, Health Commissioner Copeland pointed out that the foreign-born mothers were having most of the babies, and also what is more remarkable, that the death rate for the young babies of native-born mothers was materially higher than for the babies of the foreign-born. This last statistic is not so familiar as

the other. Dr. Copeland attributed it to the disinclination of the American-born mothers to make use of the baby health stations of the Health Department. Behind that disinclination is an American-born sentiment in favor of self-help and averse to public relief. In the case of the babies it does not seem to work well.

Another thing that hurts the babies of native-born mothers in New York is that their fathers, as a rule, follow employments in which the rise of pay has not kept pace with the rise in the cost of living, whereas the pay of the wage-earners (so-called), who worked at rougher jobs, kept up right along with the cost of living, and went it and still goes it, some better.

The Island of Manhattan is not a good place for a poor man of the old American stock to raise a family, and judging from the statistical figures, he knows it and keeps out. For imported families Manhattan is not bad, because it gives them schooling, medical service and various other expensive things. For moderately well-to-do people of any description it is a good enough family location with an excellent climate.

Commissioner Copeland was more amusing than informing when, speaking of the district between Park and Fifth avenues, where the birth rate is very low, he said it was typical as containing well-to-do persons of American birth. He did not point out, however, that rents in that district are higher than in most other residential districts in town and that very few young people who are beginning to raise families can afford to live there. As a rule, folks do not have houses in that district until much later in life when their incomes have increased and all their children have been born and are growing up.

Evidently the great mission of New



*Henry Cabot Lodge, Amateur Magician: Now, ladies and gentlemen, out of this bag will come—!!*

York is to receive imported Europeans, handle them, police and teach them, supervise and assist them and their children in their physical life, give them church privileges and gradually turn them into Americans. It is a big job, and very, very costly. New York gets no credit, but mostly derision, from the rest of the country for tackling it. All the same, it is a job that has to be done. It has been faced in New York, and on the whole, New York does it marvelously. People whose minds picture New York as a selfish city, grabbing all things and making no return, are imperfectly aware of the facts.



LIFE has lost an old friend and helper in John Kendrick Bangs, who in 1884, the second year of LIFE's existence, became its literary editor, and served for several years in that capacity. Before that, and after it, for many years, he was one of LIFE's familiar friends and irregular contributors. His active life, therefore, covered accurately the span of this paper's ex-

istence, and his death the other day put an end to an association as old as LIFE is.

Not many men in this country were so thoroughly and widely known. He had a jocund intelligence backed by remarkable energy of mind and body. He was editor, at one time or another, of several periodicals, including *Harper's Weekly* and *Puck*. A practised hand in verse and prose, he published many books and contributed tirelessly to magazines and newspapers. In his later years he took to lecturing and was as diligent in that field and as widely known as in the field of writing.

His last work was done last summer in France in connection with the rebuilding of the devastated districts. He gave his services to the society devoted to that work, and spent the summer showing the wrecked war front to tourists, who paid the society for the services he gave them. To overwork in that good cause is attributed the illness of which he died.

Pope Benedict XV was a gentleman and a scholar, and a profoundly religious man. In war times fault was found with everyone and much was

found with him, but it was mainly because he could not do the impossible. History seems likely to credit him with more merits as a war-Pope than his war-time contemporaries allowed him.

Another good man, Lord Bryce, knew more about American governments than any other Englishman, and until very recent years Americans knew him better than any other Englishman. He did his full share in a great cause—the promotion of understanding between Great Britain and the United States. What he wrote, and he wrote a great deal, helped to do that, and what he was and did helped also. A Pope is expected to be a consecrated vessel devoted through the Church to peace and righteousness in the world. James Bryce, in his purposes and labors, was much the same. He, too, was a consecrated vessel and devoted to peace and righteousness and to the welfare of the nations and to good understanding among them. As a writer he was the leading authority on democratic government. He watched and studied it for three-score years, saw all its faults, trembled at its perils, but still to the end believed in it as the best basis of government.

E. S. Martin.

LIFE



Copyright Life Pub. Co.

From left to

Heart ... ?

LIFE



From Left to Right

...? ... \$



### Sacred and Profane Dancing

LEST there be any suspicion that "The National Anthem," in its assault on jazz and alcohol, gave a dirty personal dig to the editor of this department, it should be explained right at the start that ten years ago he was famous in dancing circles as being one of the six worst dancers on the Atlantic seaboard and hasn't danced since, and that, in addition, he was one of the younger fanatic set who advocated Prohibition.

Entirely without bitterness, therefore, the opinion is offered that in "The National Anthem" Mr. Manners has no more written a good play than Dr. Sylvanus Stall wrote a good novel in "What a Young Boy Ought to Know." Every line in the dialogue has a marginal note for the listener's mind, saying, "This first glass of champagne, so innocently taken, will later turn out to have been the beginning of her downfall," or "Watch this trait in the young man. It will bring him to no good end." Nothing is spoken which does not bear directly and with an almost burlesque obviousness on the final catastrophe. This is all right for a tract (and probably a tract on this subject is needed), but it makes a pretty artificial play.



M R. MANNERS had one tremendously dramatic idea, however, which almost makes a play out of "The National Anthem." Throughout practically every minute of the action there is the off-stage sound of a jazz band, so gentle in the first act as to be hardly noticeable, but growing harsher and more ominous as time goes on, until in the last act it assumes the tragic note of the tom-toms in "The Emperor Jones" and its blatant crashings through the occasionally opened door become the triumphant gloating of a malignant god.

Needless to say, Miss Laurette Taylor helps a great deal by her vivid acting to take her husband's play out of the church-vestry and place it in the theatre.



IN describing the "Clivilux" or Color Organ, it is necessary to use the hands for gesturing and incidentally to learn some new words. So not very much that is helpful can be done with it in this column. The program says that by means of it "silent compositions of moving color and form are played in rhythm to the vision."

In effect, it is a screen on which are projected changing forms of magnificent colors, not in the angular shifting of a kaleidoscope, but like smoke in a breeze or gently blow-

ing curtains at a window. Four of these color compositions are "played" by the inventor, Mr. Thomas Wilfred, and while four are perhaps too many for concentrated attention, nevertheless the experience is a soothing one, besides being distinctly novel, and is well worth the trip to the Neighborhood Playhouse.



AFTER the audience has become accustomed to the idea of the Clivilux, it is interesting to observe it becoming an audience again, if you may call it an "audience" when there is nothing to hear. The lady in back of me evidently was partial to blue as a color, for she kept complaining to her escort that there were not enough blues in the compositions. As time went on and no blues appeared she became as fretful as a boarding-school girl when John Barrymore is off the stage. "It would be much more interesting to me," she murmured, "if they would bring on a few good blues. I just love blue." When at last her favorite color came stealing up from one corner she became violently agitated and had to be taken home.

There was also an organized clique in the back of the house, personal friends of the color green, who applauded vigorously every time it was shown, doubtless in an attempt to impress the management so that green would be given a larger part in the next composition. And after the performance a line of middle-aged admirers were seen standing at the stage-entrance waiting for the red to get its make-up off and go out to supper. (Not really. That last was just fooling.)



THE Color Organ (together with several excellent one-act plays) is shown at the Neighborhood Playhouse on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinees, while on Saturday and Sunday evenings the Festival Dancers present "The Royal Fandango," a Spanish ballet of colorful unimportance.

It may not, however, be any less important than most ballets, and it certainly is more interesting. But why is it necessary for a ballet always to tell a story? Why must the dancers always have to do so much with their faces, now expressing round-eyed fear, now beetle-browed anger, now physical satiety (this by rubbing the lower chest and smiling ecstatically)? Facial expression is not necessary for graceful dancing. And graceful dancing should need no plot to carry it along. Actors do not feel that they have to dance while they recite their lines. Why should dancers have to act?

*Robert C. Benchley.*

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Anna Christie.** Vanderbilt.—Eugene O'Neill's drama of the water-front made an important event by the acting of Pauline Lord.

**The Bat.** Morosco.—More crime than you ever saw before and all very nicely done.

**A Bill of Divorcement.** Times Square.—A play with a problem admirably presented.

**Bulldog Drummond.** Knickerbocker.—Red-hot crook melodrama for people who are not too sophisticated.

**The Czarina.** Empire.—To be reviewed later.

**Danger.** Thirty-Ninth St.—H. B. Warner and a good cast wasted on what should have been a bed-room farce.

**The Deluge.** Plymouth.—To be reviewed next week.

**Drifting.** Playhouse.—Commonplace drama of the third and fourth degeneration.

**He Who Gets Slapped.** Garrick.—A tragedy of the circus containing some splendid moments.

**Lawful Larceny.** Republic.—An excellent cast setting forth some confused but interesting criminal law.

**The National Anthem.** Henry Miller's.—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Nest.** Forty-Eighth St.—To be reviewed next week.

**The Pigeon.** Greenwich Village.—To be reviewed later.

**The Squaw Man.** Astor.—William Faversham in a revival of what used to be hot stuff.

**The S.S. Tenacity.** Belmont.—An appealing little translation of a French seduction.

**The Voice from the Minaret.** Hudson.—To be reviewed next week.

**The White Peacock.** Comedy.—Olga Petrova in what is known as "the flesh."

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Captain Applejack.** Cort.—About as amusing as you'll find among the newer plays. Wallace Eddinger in the lead.

**Théâtre de la Chauve Souris.** Forty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed later.

**The Dover Road.** Bijou.—Delightful comedy from England, with Charles Cherry and an excellent cast.

**Dulcy.** Frazee.—The season's first hit still keeping up with the newcomers.

**The First Year.** Little.—Frank Craven's masterpiece of the inconsequential in everyday home-life.

**The Grand Duke.** Lyceum.—Elegant talk by Lionel Atwill.

**Just Married.** Nora Bayes.—State-room farce. Kiki Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in the role of the little French chorus-girl approaches the season's high mark.

**Lilies of the Field.** Klaw.—A play about kent-women which is amusing in spite of itself.

**The Married Woman.** Princess.—Norman Trevor in charge of several hundred thousand words, some of them worth hearing.

**The Mountain Man.** Maxine Elliott's.—After a delightful start, it becomes just a play.

**Six-Cylinder Love.** Sam H. Harris.—Highly amusing trouble with an automobile shared by Ernest Truex and June Walker.

**Thank You.** Longacre.—Evangelical drama as good as it can be.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**The Blue Kitten.** Selwyn.—Joseph Cawthorn and Lillian Lorraine in another musical comedy.

**Bombo.** Fifty-Ninth St.—Al Jolson.

**Blossom Time.** Ambassador.—Real music at any rate.

**The Chocolate Soldier.** Century.—A revival for its many boosters.

**Elsie Janis and Her Gang.** Gaiety.—An unpretentious but interesting program by ex-service-men and the country's greatest imitator of Ethel Barrymore and Fannie Brice.

**Frank Fay's Fables.** Park.—To be reviewed later.

**Get Together.** Hippodrome.—A great big show.

**Good Morning, Dearie.** Globe.—You can't do much better.

**Marjolaine.** Broadhurst.—To be reviewed next week.

**The Music Box Revue.** Music Box.—It costs a lot, and even then you may not be able to get in, but it's worth trying.

**The O'Brien Girl.** Liberty.—Tuneful and pleasant.

**The Perfect Fool.** George M. Cohan's.—Ed Wynn at his best.

**Pins and Needles.** Shubert.—To be reviewed next week.

**Sally.** New Amsterdam.—Still going strong.

**Tangerine.** Casino.—Richard Carle has joined Julius Sanderson to help this success.

**Up in the Clouds.** Forty-Fourth St.—Better than many more boastful shows.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 24. Mr. Roebuck, of Sears, Roebuck, takes his boys down to the outfitting department



### Makes a Difference

"That's a doost funny sign—rather rot!"  
Said a Britisher, Algernon Pott;  
"On a restaurant near  
It said, 'Home Cooking here'—  
Whose home, I mean to say, what?"

### Vital Statistics

THE new *Social Register* contains the momentous announcement that the center of fashionable residences in New York City has moved half a block down-town in the last year, having settled back to Sixty-fifth Street from half a block farther north.

Of almost equal importance to the

world in general are the following announcements, made exclusively for the readers of this paper:

The corner of Rivington and Chrystie Streets is the center of dwellings in which more than four children are obliged to sleep in one room.

More babies die during the summer

A Poem for 

Spring	Summer
Summer	Autumn
Autumn	Winter
Winter	

Note to Editor—File for Emergency

Beneath the newly fallen 

shower	bloom
bloom	leaves
leaves	snow

The 

hyacinth	is
buttercup	}
goldenrod	peeping
crocuses	are

Winter has bequeathed its powers  
And Spring resigns its flowery room  
Summer gives its golden sheaves  
Autumn's laughing harvests go

Into the 

Springtide's	keeping.
Summer's	
Autumn's	
Winter's	

Ah, gladdest season of the year!  
My heart 

is overflooding,	is Glory looming,
sees	is gladly leaping,
resting!	has ceased its questing,

And Nature whispers, near, so near,

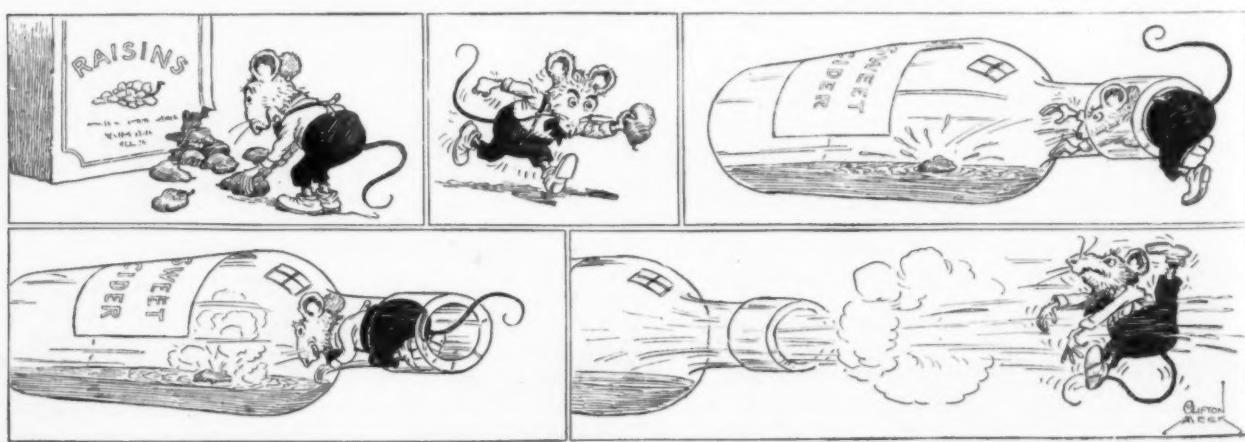
"This is the hour of 

budding!"	blooming!"
blooming!"	reaping!"
reaping!"	resting!"

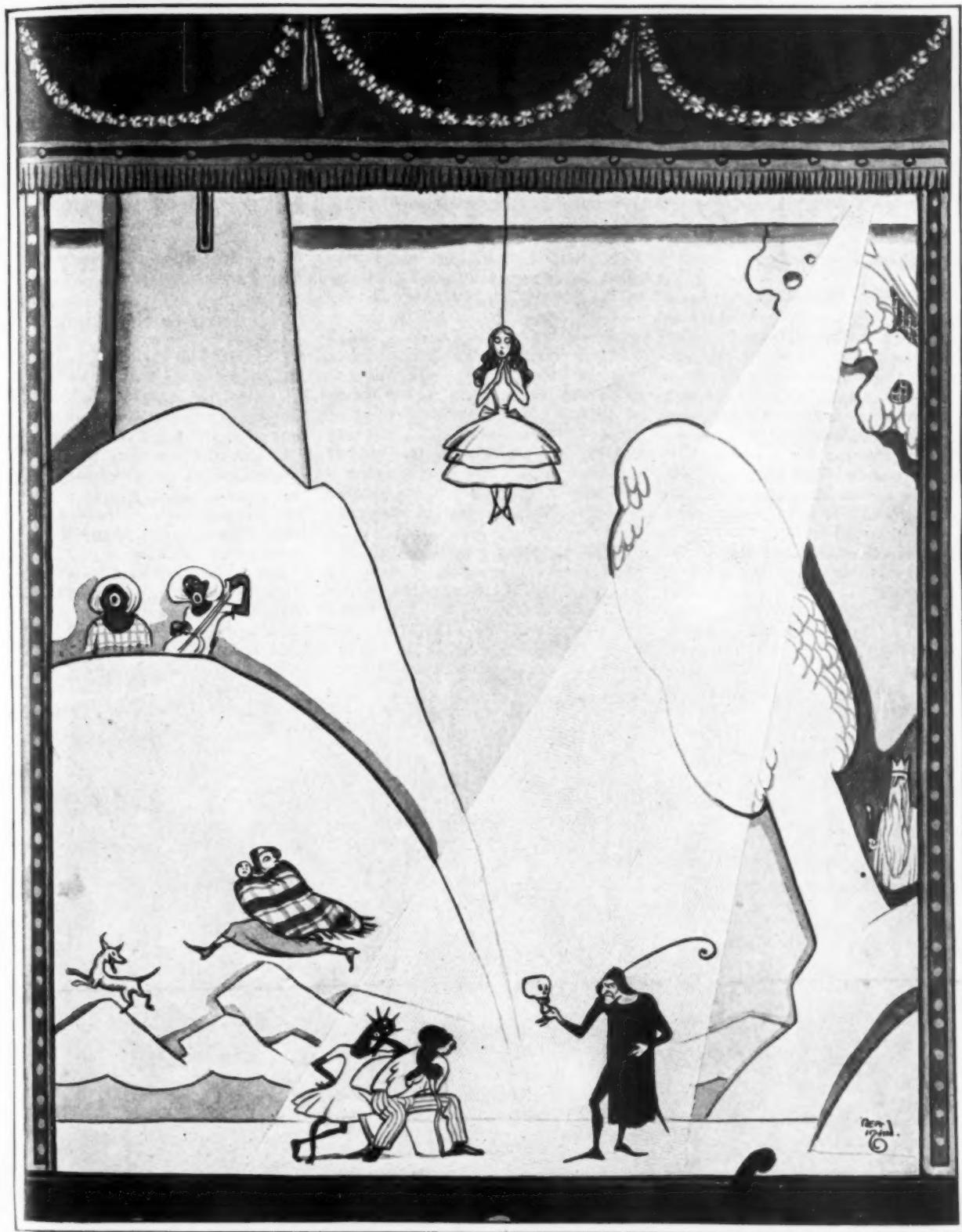
*Morris Bishop.*

months in the block bounded by Hester, Canal, Mott and Mulberry Streets than anywhere else in New York City.

If all the people who live on Henry Street were to walk through East Sixty-fifth Street some night, the people in East Sixty-fifth Street would send for the police.



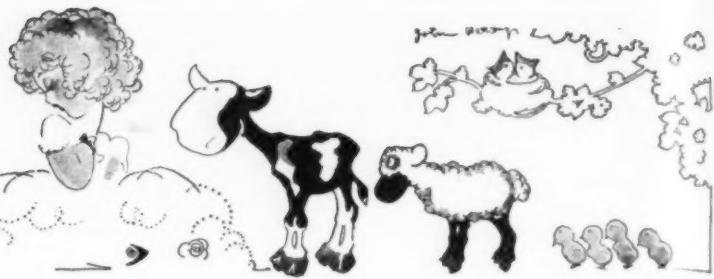
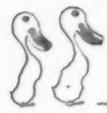
A Little Knowledge Is Dangerous



"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, Uncle Tom!"

(Business was bad with the No. 4 Hamlet Company and the No. 3 Uncle Tom's Cabin Company till they hit on the happy expedient of combining the popular features of both in one show.)

## THE SILENT DRAMA



### Red-Hot Romance

THE attempt to introduce satire into the screen is ordinarily about as profitable as the attempt to start a pineapple plantation at the North Pole, and any hardy adventurer who would try to slide over a bit of subtle humor in a photoplay, must cloak it with an extensive garment of hokum if he wants his idea to receive any notice at all.

John Emerson and Anita Loos have done this in "Red-Hot Romance," the most glorious satire that has ever found its way into the films. They have written it as sizzling melodrama, and it is my guess that ninety-nine per cent. of the people who see it will accept it as such, and will not find anything funny in it. They will applaud vigorously when the American Consul points to Old Glory and says, "For nigh on a hundred and fifty years has that old flag waved—and never a stain on its fair surface." And they will jump from their chairs and cheer hysterically when, in the proverbial nick of time, the U. S. marines (all of whom are colored boys) come charging over the hill and save the entire cast of principals from a firing squad. I know I cheered.

The scenes of the piece are laid in a small and spicy kingdom, whither comes the hero, a 120-proof American life-insurance salesman. He sells policies to the King and the Cabinet, and then learns that a revolution is imminent and that his clients are very likely to cash in. So he takes upon his own broad shoulders the responsibility of thwarting the rebels.

In "Red-Hot Romance," Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos have given us something that is absolutely new in the movies—and decidedly welcome. In the absence of Mr. Twist, I shall take it upon myself to arise and politely ask for more.

### The Wall Flower

IF Rupert Hughes had been able to secure a competent actress to play the difficult title rôle in his new picture,

"The Wall Flower," he would have made an exceptionally good photoplay of it. Lois Wilson could have handled the part admirably. But little Colleen Moore is way off the mark. She attempts to extract broad comedy from a rôle that is essentially tragic, and acts as if she were giving us an impersonation of Louise Fazenda in the Sennett comedy, "Home Brew." The fault may not be hers; it may be due to bad direction by E. Mason Hopper. Or possibly it is chargeable to Mr. Hughes himself. But the fault is certainly there.

There are many good things in "The Wall Flower," including some fairly authentic reproductions of social life in a small college town. The dances are staged with great skill, and the types of flappers—both male and female—are well selected and well played.

### The Man From Lost River

NEARLY all the red-blooded melodramas are based on a struggle between a big, rough, true-hearted, two-fisted he-man and a weak, lily-livered, aristocratic tenderfoot from the East, for the possession of a girl. Although I should be strictly impartial and open-minded in such conflicts, I must confess that I always root lustily for the tenderfoot, and offer ardent prayers that he will knock the he-man for a loop before the sixth reel is finished. Of course, he never does. He is always shown up in his true craven colors, and kicked out bodily. But still, I can't help hoping.

"The Man From Lost River," played by House Peters, is a he-man if I ever saw one—the boss of a lumber gang, to be exact. He bowls over giant redwoods simply by looking at them, and God help the effete Easterner who crosses his path! Having struck everything else in sight, he finally strikes oil—and wins the girl.

There are many magnificent forest scenes in "The Man From Lost River," and some good exhibitions of axe-wielding. Personally, I'd rather watch a

falling fir tree in the movies than a falling glycerine tear.

### Turn to the Right

THERE will doubtless be as large and as enthusiastic an audience for "Turn to the Right" in its film form as there was for the play when it appeared on the stage. The picture has lost some of the genuine humor of the original piece, but it has lost none of the hokum; indeed, it has added more banality and more artificial sentimentality than even Winchell Smith dreamed was possible.

Rex Ingram directed "Turn to the Right," and while he has done some characteristically excellent work in it, he is certainly not the same Rex Ingram who directed "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." The only evidences of these two productions to be found in "Turn to the Right" are Mr. Ingram's soft photography and his wife, the wistfully beautiful Alice Terry.

The picture is aided considerably by the work of an excellent cast, including Jack Mulhall, Harry Myers, George Cooper and Edward Connelly.

THE practice of setting aside special "weeks" is more prevalent in the film industry than anywhere else. Scarcely a day passes that I do not receive some imposing announcement, stating that "This Is Adolph Zukor Week" or "March 10th to March 17th Will Be Bruce Scenic Week."

I have in mind a similar period to be known as "Old Hokum Week," when the theatres throughout the country will be urged to book nothing but Hokum films. "Way Down East" will be shown Sunday, "Over the Hill" Monday and "The Old Nest" Tuesday. The rest of the week is uncertain, but I am trying hard to reserve a date for "Turn to the Right."

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31).

## What Is a Man to Do?

*A Problem Drama*

1.

(Scene: Part of a conservatory. A man; a girl.)

THE MAN: Lovely dance, isn't it?

THE GIRL: Isn't it?

"Lovely weather we're having. . . ."

"Aren't we, though?"

"Er—er—you know Jack Meadow-fair, don't you?"

"No; I don't." (Silence.)

THE MAN (fumbling in the direction of his waistcoat): Er—er—may I smoke?

THE GIRL (brightening visibly): Certainly!

THE MAN: Ah! (Several moments pass in constrained silence.)

THE GIRL: What kind of cigarettes are those?

"Bubastes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." (The man continues to smoke. The silence becomes oppressive.)

THE MAN (desperately): Nice music.

THE GIRL (passionately): I think you're the rudest man I've ever met.

"What!"

"I certainly do. Sitting here smoking and never bothering to offer me . . ."

"But I never thought . . . I had no idea . . ."

THE GIRL (angrily): You certainly didn't. And you expect me to stay out here, trying to make conversation with you. . . . Thank Heaven, at least I can borrow one in the dressing-room. Excuse me! (She goes.)

THE MAN: Well, I'll be . . .

2.

(Scene: The same. The same man; another girl.)

THE GIRL: But, I assure you, I'm no different from anyone else.

THE MAN: Impossible. Anybody that dances the way you do . . .

"Do I dance very well?"

"Indeed you do. And that isn't all.

. . . There's something else about you—do you want me to tell you?"

THE GIRL (archly): Yes—tell me about me. . . .

THE MAN: Well . . . (unconsciously they move closer to each other on the lounge), to begin with, I think you're the prettiest girl here to-night. (He opens his cigarette case and offers it to her.) Let's have a cigarette and be real comf'y.

THE GIRL: What! (Angrily she jumps to her feet.) Oh, that you should have the effrontery! How dare you!

"What . . . what's the matter?"

"So that's what you came here for, is it? And you thought I would . . . Oh! I never was so insulted . . ."

"What are you talking about?"

THE GIRL: How dare you offer me a cigarette? I beg your pardon. . . . (Angrily, she goes off, chin in air.)

THE MAN: Well, I will be . . .

Curtain.

Henry William Hanemann.



*He: Must we go anywhere to-night?  
She: Not unless you want to stay at home.*



## Rollicking Dominoes and Sinister Chop Sticks

**H**UGH WILEY, as a writer of Negro crap-shooting lingo, has attained much the same position that Finley Peter Dunne and Ring Lardner occupy as purveyors of Irish-American brogue and bleacher patois respectively. His Vitus Marsden, the Wildcat, from Memphis, Ten-o-see, takes rank with Mr. Dooley and Jack Keefe as a figure in American popular literature.

In "Lady Luck" (Knopf), Mr. Wiley follows the fortunes and otherwise of his ebony-skinned hero after the armistice. The Wildcat returns from the wars, and starts with all his former fervor to roll the eloquent cubes across the green baize surface of his native heath. But he soon finds it advisable

to move along, and he does so—first to Chicago, thence by difficult stages to Portland, Oregon, San Francisco and way stations, and finally home, via New Aw'l'uns.

His adventures, as always, are punctuated with a number of intensely dramatic crap games, the Wildcat depending on his goat, Lily, and his carefully trained dice to keep his bank-roll in working order. "Tiger dice, claw me! Turtle dice, off de log! Soap dice, git slick. Gun dice, pull de triggah. Snow babies, let de soot specs read seven. Rooster dice, crow de pay call! Hen dice, hatch de money eggs! Mule dice, kick dat boy into de rivah! Bam! An' I reads five-dooce."

Such is the burden of the conversation in "Lady Luck," and so far as this gentle reader is concerned, it is a burden that is easy to bear.

By way of showing his versatility, Mr. Wiley has published a companion volume, "Jade" (Knopf), which contains his weird, Burkesque tales of San Francisco's Chinatown. Like "Lady Luck," the "Jade" stories were first presented in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They are well told, and from the point of view of narrative skill are superior to many of the "Limehouse Nights," but they lack the distinction and humor of "Lady Luck."

Mr. Wiley should stick to the brown.  
*Robert E. Sherwood.*



## CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



### Fiction

*Lost Valley*, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould (Harper's). So much does the author like the word "intriguing" that this might almost be called an intriguing novel. But we fairly confess that it did not intrigue us to that extent. There is something the matter with this story, even in such competent literary hands as those of Mrs. Gerould. It does not cumulate, if (to match "intriguing") we may descend to such a word. It constantly eludes her. She seems at times to be getting it, but it lags behind her evident intentions all the way through. So much for brutal abuse. On the other hand, there are really great things in this book. Being possessed ourselves of only a moderate education, and of minimum abilities as a literary critic, we are not competent to pass upon its merits as a work of art. All we know is that it didn't hold us, and that we felt that the author of it was a pretty good hand and would probably do better next time—this being her first novel. (What good short stories she has written!)

*The Avenger*, by Samuel Gordon (Macaulay). Melodrama in literary form without much art. Plenty of action—such as it is.

*The Lark*, by Dana Burnet (Little, Brown). While this book cannot be ranked as a novel of the highest importance, Mr. Burnet not only writes well, but his work always has charm and a certain distinction. Quite pleasant reading.

*Trouble-the-House*, by Kate Jordan

(Little, Brown). The unceasing search on the part of authors for some new combination of human traits and qualities which will help to make a new character in fiction—this is always a matter of interest and curiosity; particularly in the case of Mrs. Vermilye. We should classify this book as being quite readable, but not (as one might say) too "gripping."

*Simon Called Peter*, by Robert Keable (Dutton). A good book that deserves to be widely read.

*The Snowshoe Trail*, by Edison Marshall (Little, Brown). Another of those North woods stories, all about a wolf pack and a lost fiancé—the kind that,

when you see the announcement in the movies, makes you say to the family: "Well, I guess I'll stay at home to-night and read the *World Almanac*."

### Others

*The Home of Fadless Splendor, or Palestine of To-day*, by George Napier Whittingham (Dutton). Of all the recent books on Palestine—many of them quite beautiful and informing—this is the best we have seen. Printed on English paper, it is filled with remarkably effective pictures, many of them in color. To those who wish to learn more about wonderful Palestine, we recommend this accurate and beautiful volume.

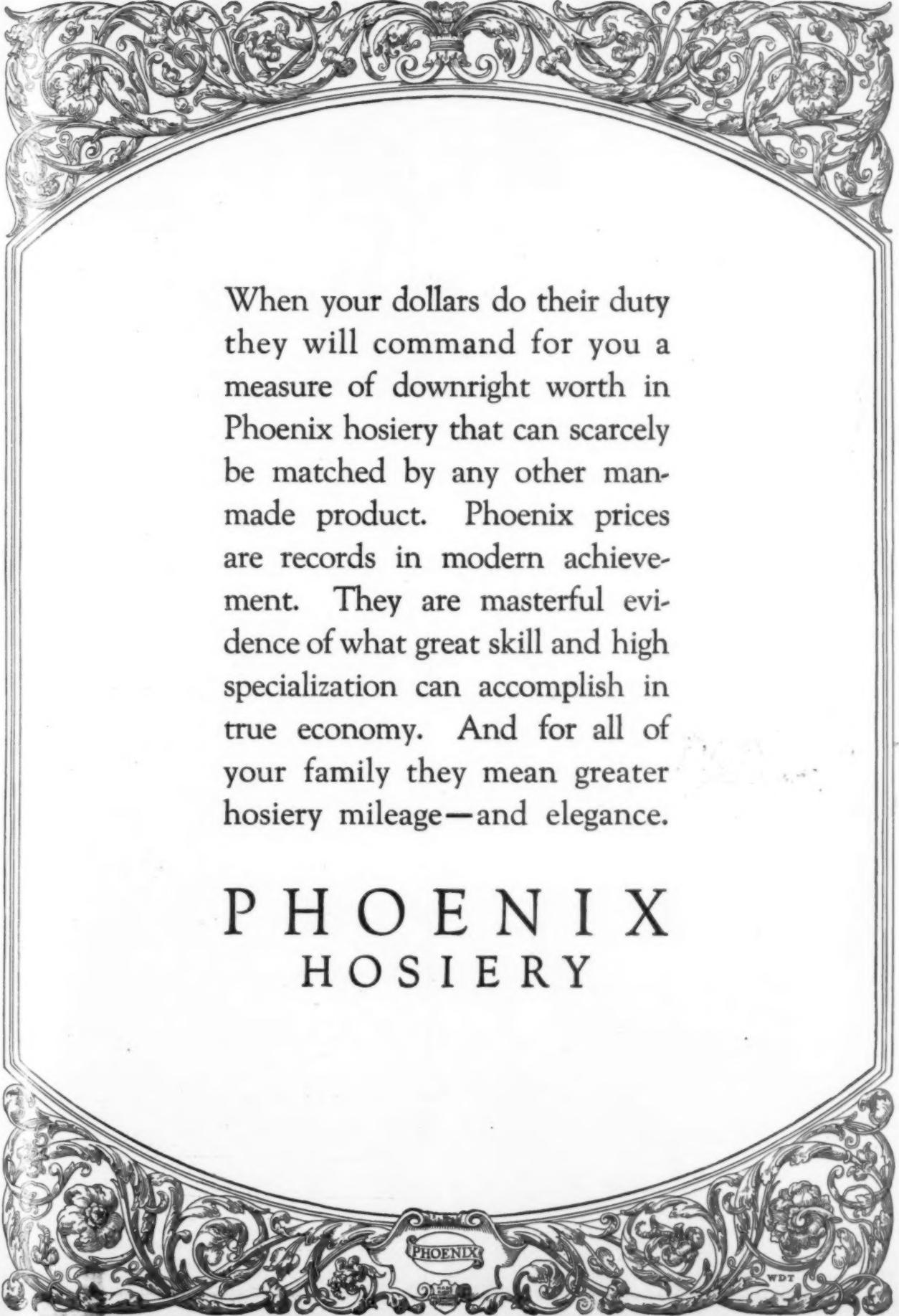
*Making Woodrow Wilson President*, by William F. McCombs (Fairview Publishing Co.). In our opinion, it is a pity that such a book as this should be published. It is not so much a question of whether it is or is not unfair to Woodrow Wilson; it is unfair to Mr. McCombs, who undoubtedly was in many respects a noble fellow, but who apparently permitted his feelings to get the best of him.

*My Dear Wells*, by Henry Arthur Jones (Dutton). A series of letters to H. G. Wells, reeking with irony and all probably true—but too long. Wells isn't worth it.

*An Argosy of Fables*, selected and edited by Frederick Taber Cooper, with 24 illustrations in color by Paul Bransom (Stokes). A practically complete collection of the best fables delightfully presented. A really handsome gift book.



"Just you wait till my finger-nails git a little longer an' I'll make you 'pologise fer that!"



When your dollars do their duty they will command for you a measure of downright worth in Phoenix hosiery that can scarcely be matched by any other man-made product. Phoenix prices are records in modern achievement. They are masterful evidence of what great skill and high specialization can accomplish in true economy. And for all of your family they mean greater hosiery mileage—and elegance.

## PHOENIX HOSIERY

 PHOENIX

W.D.T.



### A Tub-Dweller

"Yes," said Mrs. Smifflins, "my little boy loves his bath. He is in it every night—won't go to bed without it; and takes his shower every morning, and . . ."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"Indeed I do! Why, you have no idea! He is a regular little Diogenes!"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

### What's Money For?

**PROFITEER'S DAUGHTER:** Daddy, I must have a couple of new piano pieces.

**PROFITEER:** Piano pieces! How you talk—you shall have a whole piano!

—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich)*.

### Trims Him

"Trim little craft, that wife of yours, old man."

"Craft? Well, she's a revenue-cutter, anyway."—*Boston Transcript*.

WILL IRWIN says a modern shell will completely destroy a house. It will, moreover, keep the house from being built.

—*Detroit Free Press*.



### MARAUDERS

*The Confederate:* They are all getting more money except us, who are the real night-workers.

*The Apache:* What do you expect—that's the drawback of a free profession.

—*Numero (Turin)*.

### A Lover and His Lass

After fidgeting about over his tea, the youth suddenly blurted out:

"Can I go out to-night, mother, to see my lass?"

"Yes," said his mother, grudgingly, "but come back in half an hour."

At the expiration of that time the youth returned.

"And did you see your sweetheart?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother; and she would have seen me, too, if I hadn't bobbed down behind the hedge!"

—*Weekly Telegraph (London)*.

### This War-Torn World

**LITTLE CHARLIE:** Auntie has been telling us the story of Ali Baba and the Fifteen Thieves.

**PAPA:** You mean the Forty Thieves.

**LITTLE CHARLEY:** But, Papa, everyone's short-handed nowadays.

—*Die Muskete (Vienna)*.

### Belay!

**CAPTAIN:** Ahoy there, let go the anchor.

**SAILOR (near the anchor):** I ain't touched it yet.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE reformer's idea of a debauch is to paint the town blue.

—*Town Topics (London)*.

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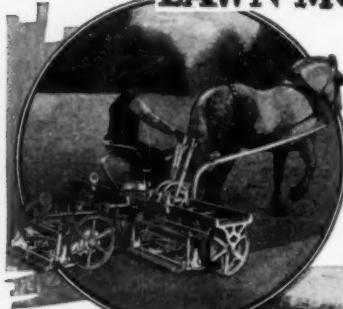
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Friday Morning Musicales

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President



*Chorine:* Out of my way! You're blind as a bat, you poor idiot—messing up my Revue costume!

*Musician:* What part do you take in the Revue?

*Chorine:* I represent the Old-Time French Politeness.

*L'Illustration (Paris).*

MR. GOTRICH (at a performance of "Hamlet"): It's an old play! And we paid such high prices!

*Simplicissimus (Munich).*

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Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

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## • LIFE •

### OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

#### The Age of Specialization

Short-story plot: A man, believing in the sometimes sound and always Horatio Alger, Jr., philosophy that progress and success reward him who does his job, however humble, to his uttermost ability, gets a job, in October, 1904, as a subway ticket chopper. For more than seventeen years he holds the job, becoming the best ticket chopper in the world. From an azure sky comes the cloudy announcement of the installation of the new feather-weight gates. What does he say to his wife that evening when he comes home with the news that machinery is ruining art, that his profession has been taken from him, and that he is too old to learn another?

—F. P. A., in *New York World*.

#### Temperament Afield

With the revival of Whistler anecdotes Mortimer Menpes' story of the Master's only "shoot" comes once more into the picture.

The great man took careful aim, and brought down—his host's favorite retriever.

"It was a dog without artistic habits," he explained, "and had placed itself badly in relation to the landscape."

—*Town Topics (London)*.

#### His Adopted Son

A mother was questioning her little daughter, aged six.

"Who is the father of the calf?" asked the mother.

"The bull," replied the youngster.

"Who is the father of the duckling?" continued the mother.

"The drake," responded the child.

"And who is the father of the kid?"

"Charlie Chaplin!"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

#### The Intelligent Senior

PROFESSOR: What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

SENIOR: Why, er-r—

PROF.: Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?

SENIOR: The what, sir?

PROF.: That will do; very good.

—*Stevens Tech. Stone Mill*.

#### Her Laugh

"Now tell me, my good woman, why you are laughing so heartily."

"I'm laughing about a lady who lost her cook."

"That surely is nothing to cause laughter."

"Oh, yes, it is; I'm the cook."

—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

#### Complaisance

LADY (interrupting butler's flirtation): Really, Clarkson, what an example!

BUTLER: I crave your pardon, my lady, but the young person is always saying, "Do unbend, Mr. Clarkson"; and, being the festive season, my lady—I unbent.

—*Punch*.

WIFE (to expositulating husband): What's that you're telling me? I'm not economical? Why, this is the twelfth hat I've used this hatpin with!

—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

#### New Shoes Old Shoes Tight Shoes

all feel the same if you shake into them some

#### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the feet

So Easy to Use

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.



Rests the Feet

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

#### Balcony Play

The Woman was shopping and went into a shoe store, where she sat for some time waiting her turn to be served.

A middle-aged woman beside her, who looked as if she would insist on having comfortable footwear for herself and her family, brought a smile to the Woman's lips.

"Do you have Romeos as well as Julietts?" she asked when the clerk finally reached her.

"Yes, madam," he said briskly, "in the balcony." —*New York Sun*.

#### A Young Sceptic

A clergyman was in the habit of going up to his little girl's bedside each evening and telling her a story before she went to sleep.

One evening he told her such a thrilling tale that the child, sitting up in bed, looked very straight at her father and asked:

"Daddy, is that a true story, or are you preaching?"

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

#### Sartorial Note

In Hong Kong is a tailor named Ah Men.

The last word in tailoring, one might say.—*Boston Transcript*.

VICTORIAN FICTION: Sex pretending it is almost anything else. Georgian Fiction: Almost anything else pretending it is sex.

—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

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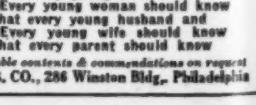
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Every young wife should know

What every parent should know

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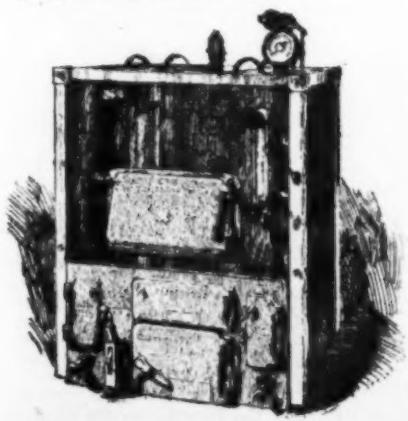


From an etching by M. FAUL ROCHE; © ARCO 1922

Home of H. E. Paddon, a prominent New York architect, in Ridgewood, New Jersey. The house is warmed with American Radiators and an IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE.

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If you plan to build or remodel, send for our book about the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE. Mail your request to either address below. This Company is headquarters for warmth.



**H**OW many regrets would be avoided if Americans would consult their architects more!

Your architect knows the difference between the kind of heating equipment which is merely a purchase; and the kind which is a life-long investment.

If you demand the cheapest boiler and radiators, he can get them for you.

But a better question to ask him is this: "When you planned *your own home*, what heating equipment did you specify?"

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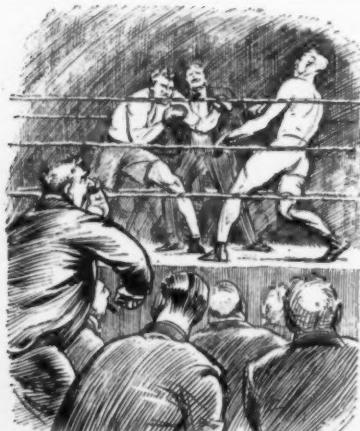
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Disappointed Spectator: Never mind the Washington Conference, Pete—it's 'im 'ard!  
—Passing Show (London).

## That Awful Henry

S AID Henry VIII to Catherine Aragon, "Run along, Kitty, I'm tired of a paragon."

Said Aragon Kate to Anne Boleyn, "Now look at the mess you've got me in."

Said Anne Boleyn to Jane Seymour, "Here's better luck, dear! —orrewar."

Said Jane Seymour to Anne of Cleves, "When you comes in is when I leaves."

Said Anne of Cleves to Catherine Howard, "Being Hal's wife's no job for a coward."

Said Catherine Howard to Catherine Parr, "Our score is just five down, so far."

But Catherine Parr, you will aver,  
Outlived the king, and not he, her.

Henry William Hanemann.

## Custom Is King

(Continued from page 9)

The Publisher drew his attention to a few pieces of evidence such as pencil marks, thumb tacks, holes and erasers. Mulvaney intimated that the Publisher had permission to withdraw.

Thereafter, with the Broker's aid, he filled seven papers, secured sixteen visa's, twelve sets of initials, and rubber stamps innumerable; he attested wildly in all religions. And at last the entire Rigmarole was tied up with a pretty ribbon and deposited in a slit; and he was told that he might now go home and await developments.

He went home and waited.

Nothing developed.

Every morning regularly as the dawn came out of the East he called the Broker and sought for news of his package, and every morning he was told that all that could be done was being done.

Three weeks passed.

Then one morning he was told that to-morrow was fixed for the Great Day when the package was actually to be delivered. And he was to call at the Custom House, and he was to swear to just one little document more, and then he should depart in peace with his prize. Raw, cold and dismal dawned the morning of the Great Day, and with foreboding in his heart the Publisher answered the first telephone call of the Great Day.

It was the Broker.

He said: "During the past two weeks the Customs Authorities have made a new ruling that pen-and-ink drawings

Genuine



## Aspirin

Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic acid ester of Salicylic acid.

are not on the free list; so they won't give us your drawings after all; but if you'll just come down to the Custom House and swear to a new set of papers, we can start all over again and enter on a six months' bond—"

The Publisher swore duly, though not to a new set of papers.

The Author has now gone back to his home in England. But the Publisher still thinks it was a good idea to publish that book quickly while he was in America.

Meanwhile, the Drawings are at the Post Office, or the Custom House, or somewhere else. Only one thing is certain, and that is that they are not in the custody of the Artist, or the Author, or the Publisher, or the Broker, or any other known person.

No doubt Mulvaney is still studying that Snail.

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A "perfectly charming" English Inn, in the glorious Land of the Sky. Southern hospitality, perfect service, concentrated comfort. Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate Open All Year

ALBERT H. MALONE, Manager  
Write for Booklet "L". Make Reservation.

In America -- An English Inn



(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

**Tol'able David.** *First National.*—A plain tale from the hills, made into a remarkable picture, well acted by Richard Barthelmess and well directed by Henry King.

**Orphans of the Storm.** *United Artists.*—Griffith takes "The Two Orphans" and incorporates it in a tremendous photoplay that deals with the French revolution as effectively as "The Birth of a Nation" dealt with the Civil War, or "Hearts of the World" with the late unpleasantness. The Gish sisters make the most of great opportunities.

**Hail the Woman.** *First National.*—A conventional story with some exceptional acting.

**The Law and the Woman.** *Paramount.*—Strong melodrama, produced by Penrhyn Stanlaws, with the bright-eyed Betty Compson in the leading rôle. Some, but not all, of it is exciting.

**Peacock Alley.** Mae Murray as another gilded lily in a terribly weak film.

**The Flower of the North.** *Vitagraph.*—Crude work in the North woods, made a lot better than it ought to be by Pauline Starke.

**The Sheik.** *Paramount.*—Rudolph Valentino goes several degrees above oiling point as the fascinating Arab cart-breaker whose name has become a by-word in every girl's seminary throughout the land.

**A Sailor-Made Man.** *Pathé.*—If you like Harold Lloyd (and if you don't, how do you get that way?), don't miss this delirious debauch of nonsense.

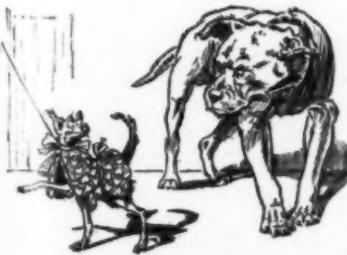
**The Playhouse.** *First National.*—If you like Buster Keaton (and if you don't, how do you get that way?), don't miss this delirious debauch of nonsense.

**The Last Payment.** *Paramount.*—Pola Negri strips down so far that you could almost say something about Pola bare if you were sufficiently humorous. That is about all the picture is worth, anyway.

**The Little Minister.** *Paramount.*—A photoplay of very great beauty, based on Barr's novel, and interpreted by a splendid cast.

**Love's Redemption.** *First National.*—A dull, silly picture, in which Norma Talmadge is called upon to portray a little wisp of a girl.

**For Review Next Week.**—"Star Dust," "Kindred of the Dust," "Saturday Night," "The Grim Comedian" and "The Ruling Passion."



DOG LICENSE DAYS

The One on the Leash: I'm off to get a dog license!

The Other: Why?

—London Opinion.



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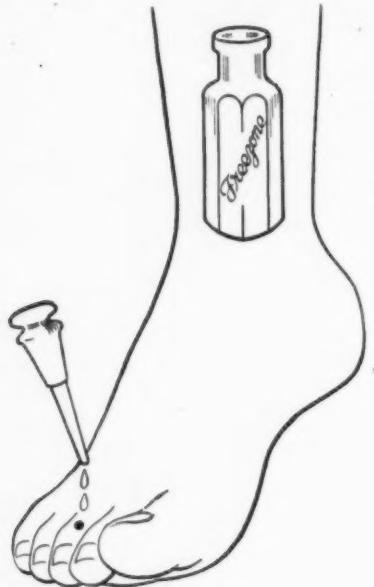
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# Corns

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

### Unbreakable

Said the tramp at the kitchen door: "Couldn't you give me a bite to eat, lady? I was born unlucky."

"Well, your luck is holdin' out," came the reply as the door banged shut.

**GERTRUDE:** Well, anyway, George dresses like a gentleman.

**CLARE:** Indeed! I never saw him dressing.



*Theatrical Manager (to boy in "William Tell"): If you must bite into that apple, bite the back of it only, please!*  
—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich)*

## LIFE

### LIFE'S Title Contest

(Continued from page 12)

Will Get His Next LIFE for Nothing," also that he is "Interested in Titles, Though Indifferent to Family Descent."

One calls it the "Good-Bye Number of LIFE," and the next says "It Will Be Continued in the Next LIFE," and one says "LIFE Is in the Hands of the Receiver."

The cat shows up as a favorite in the race: "Nine to One on the Cat," also "The Cat Has Nine to the Man's Two," and "Fourteen Lives in Danger."

Some explain "Falling Heir to His Father's Estate," one viciously said "It Is LIFE's Contest Editor," and one says "Hallucination of a Home Brew Artist," which bears rather hard on Mr. Irvin.

The following titles were among the best received and were considered by the judges in making their final decision:

"That's LIFE All Over"

"Without Benefit of Clergy"

"A Tip on the Quiet"

"A Midsummer Daze Dream"

"In the House of Life, my dear,

All is not so fair;

Happiness is hiding here,

Sorrow hiding there."

—Bert Leston Taylor.

"Razing a Family"

"Where Responsibilities Fall"

LIFE extends its thanks to the many thousands of readers whose interest and enthusiasm made this contest so successful.

### Statistics

667,897 people who have acquired Dominant Will Power by means of correspondence school instruction turn over and go to sleep again when they hear the alarm clock in the morning.

There are 345,654,157,234 holes in the socks of the bachelors of the United States.

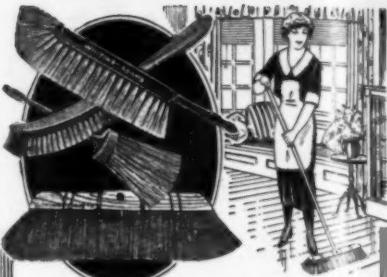
There are 897 cuckoo clocks in the state of Rhode Island, not including Pawtucket. Thirteen of these are in running order and keep time.

89,321 restaurants decreased their business last year by advertising, "We do our own baking."

There are 22,555 recognized philanthropists in this country. Two of these are in the plumbing business.

483,078 cakes were baked by brides during the first six months of this year, the weight of which exceeded the sum of the weights of all the ingredients used in making them.

48 men have made fortunes of over \$100,000 by writing the words of our popular songs. Sixty per cent. of these declare they would have finished public school if they had been given a fair chance.



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### Books Received

*Radnor Reminiscences*, by J. Stanley Reeve (Houghton Mifflin Company).

*Vignettes of Manhattan*, by Brander Matthews (Charles Scribner's Sons).

*Lavinia, the Red Cross Doll*, by Caroline Stetson Allen (The Stratford Co.).

*The Immigrant Press and Its Control*, by Robert E. Park (Harper & Brothers).

*Here, There and Everywhere*, by Lord Frederic Hamilton (George H. Doran Co.).

*The One Way*, by Jane Revere Burke (E. P. Dutton & Company).

*The Real Japanese Question*, by K. K. Kawakami (The Macmillan Company).

*Making Woodrow Wilson President*, by William F. McCombs (Fairview Pub. Co.).

*Cotswold Characters*, by John Drinkwater (Yale University Press).

*The Inheritors*, by Susan Glaspell (Small, Maynard & Company).

*Coomer Ali*, by S. B. H. Hurst (Harper & Brothers).

*Chimneysmoke*, by Christopher Morley (George H. Doran Co.).

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